

LIVELY HORSE SHOW LUNCHEON

PATRICK FRANCIS MURPHY THE
STAR OF THE OCCASION.

Bankers From High Finance and the Dangers of Too Much Language to the Performance of the Horse—President Fellowes Promises a Better Show Than Ever.

If the luncheon, which always precedes the horse show, and which was given by the directors yesterday at the Madison Square Garden, is any indication of what is to follow, the annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association will be a bigger success than ever. This luncheon is given to exhibitors and judges, and there were more present than ever before. The guests filled the restaurant at the Madison Square end of the big amphitheatre and chatted horse until it was time to listen to President Cornelius Fellowes and Patrick Francis Murphy.

President Fellowes occupied a seat at the head of the gathering. F. K. Sturgis is the vice-president and presided at another table. H. H. Hollister, treasurer of the association, was at the right.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who has brought many of his show ring horses from Newport, was at Mr. Hollister's table, and near him were Hamilton H. Cary, the Brooklyn whip; S. Tabor Willets, Buel Hollister, Thomas L. Watt, who owns many fine ponies; Paul A. Sarg, a patron of high steppers; J. Campbell Thompson, a coaching enthusiast; David Bonner, who loves the trotter; H. L. Herbert, whose fad is polo and polo ponies; C. Clarence Levin, S. T. Peters, A. B. MacLay, who gives a cup each year for hunters; G. H. Hulme, Joseph Agostini, Aukley C. Schuyler, J. H. Bradford, Frederick Eldridge, R. Penn Smith, J. A. Montan, W. B. Schermerhorn, E. H. Weatherbee, von der Horst Koch, E. C. Cowdin, J. Searle Barclay, Jay F. Carlie, W. B. Dickerman, J. T. Hyde, the father of horse shows in this country; C. W. Smith, H. W. Carey, F. V. Goeh, the English judge of saddle horses; Judge William H. Moore, owner of Forest King, who has given a cup worth \$500 for his horse this year; C. Edw. C. Cookman, the English judge of harness horses, Class 7; G. C. Clausen, J. E. Cowdin and many others.

President Fellowes was heartily cheered as he rose to address the guests. He said:

"While I am much pleased that you should want me to make a few remarks, I feel at the same time that you might hear from some other I see around these tables with a great deal more profit. You see we are still alive and kicking in spite of the fact that things have been somewhat upside down in the street of late and in spite of the fact that the automobiles were going to crowd our beloved horse out of the running. The automobile has not yet stayed beyond a question of doubt, but there is plenty of room for both it and the horse and all we have had to do has been to watch the growth of the industry and congratulate ourselves that Dame Nature will provide the horse for us, an extensive machinery plant for the production of being necessary. As long as the industry produces and we have such horsemen as I see here to pick out the best there will be no horse shows, who does not want to own a good horse, even if he does own a motor car? We have to-day in the Garden the pick of the horses in the country, and the pick of the judges, men and women, will be there to see them this week. We are going to give you a show better than ever before and are going to continue to do so every year."

As soon as President Fellowes sat down there were cries for Murphy and that gentleman thanked and acknowledged the applause and then he was asked to respond to the "call of the wild."

Mr. Murphy said:

This has been an eventful year—an International Horse Show has been established in London. The American Horse Show, in relation, with its board of foreign missions—have made a complete and peaceful conquest of "Darkest England." During the present century—with the exception of the United States and the English Derby have been ridden by American jockeys, and in 1907, for the first time, the Derby has been won by an American horse from Ireland. This pleasing Irish-American interchange of good will and good nature between Ireland and the American seems to improve "the race."

Even the Gibson girl's nose has been put out of joint. "The nose" of the American has been selected by the artist to be commemorated on our new gold coins, and the artist who was chosen by the President by a singular coincidence was born in Ireland himself.

The Independent Order of Americans, with patriotic devotion, "viewed with alarm" this revival of the Irish national movement; that Ireland was "brought into the world," the "Irish" omitted from the coin "In God We Trust" the responsibility is shifted, so we can now render unto Roosevelt the things that are Roosevelt's and to Roosevelt the things that are not Roosevelt's.

From recent events I am reminded that a bad spell of language may cause financial disturbances. As the prisoner at the bar said, "it is a wonder that it was time that I got that cause all the trouble in this world, and the judge put a few words together, forming a sentence, and passed it on him. It was said by an ancient sage, and is therefore probably true, that some words are like clocks that keep on striking—not to tell you the time of day, but because there is something wrong with their insides. So in this life many things that are said and not said, are said without intending it. The Hague Peace Conference would have solved the difficulty and benefited mankind had they persuaded Governments to make silence their mother tongue."

We have had explosive fireworks. Our President said he simply "turned on the light," unfortunately there had been a quantity of occupied minds in the form of a black. Riches took their flight on marginal values. Investments that "could sleep on" produced insomnia. Comparisons were made as to which was the more peaceable animal—a bear in the tropic or a Teddy Bear in a gilt edged market.

Happily, difficulties are things that show what men are. American difficulties have produced the great Americans. It is not alone in the battlefield that valor is displayed; courage may be shown even in an art library. No sounder places of American manhood have been put together than the group of financial statuary that defended American credit.

Morgan, the "Master Builder," discovered that the way to control circumstances is to be the greater circumstance yourself. In the lexicons of Morgan's library there is no such word as fail. On the contrary, from its walls abundant streams of revenue gushed forth in volumes and the dead corpse of public confidence had brought the "water" to "wake" sprang upon its feet and went about its business; and that place of historic incident will hereafter be known as the House that Jack Built.

But there is no loss without a gain. We are now chased by poverty and polished by adversity; the horse show boxes are moderate in price and within reach of the best families. That which was a transfer of affection, is now a hammered "arrogant wealth" into the "Simple Rich." It seems silly and rich, under present conditions, to tell the rich that there are many things in life better than money—when they have no money to buy them.

Former owners of automobiles now regard the surface cars with interest—from the motor to the trolley is simply a transfer of affection. It is surprising what one may do in this world—and like it. The horse show will go on undisturbed. It is a refuge from thought and softens life's inequalities. The horse, like in question, is a great leveller, for all men are equal on the turf—and under it.

There was a parade in the ring by the attendants clad in their spotless new uniforms and then many of the horses took

Colonial Silver

THE GORHAM COMPANY is exhibiting a remarkable collection of silverware of Colonial Style.

The best examples of the early New England silversmiths have been used as a basis for these productions and the pure classic designs faithfully executed.

Since the beginning of the recent revival of Colonial Style this is the first adequate representation of the silverware of that period. It opens a new and interesting field for the selection of Wedding and Christmas Gifts.

The Gorham Co.
Fifth Avenue

are to compete were exhibited. The entertainment ended with some of the jumpers being put over the sticks.

The show will open this morning and the programme for the day is as follows:

9 A. M.—The show opens.

9 to 10:30 A. M.—Horse ridden or led may be exercised in the ring by permission of the superintendent.

11 A. M.—Judging thirty-two hunters or jumpers.

12:15 P. M.—Preliminary trial of twenty-five horses entered in the Colonial Class 1st, and only those horses then selected will be allowed to compete in that class at 5:10 P. M. on Wednesday, November 20.

1 P. M.—Recess.

2 P. M.—Judging seven pairs of harness horses.

Class 100.

2:30 P. M.—Judging four trotters, in harness.

3:10 P. M.—Judging twelve thoroughbred saddle horses, Class 75.

3:30 P. M.—Judging seven harness horses.

Class 45.

4:10 P. M.—Judging eleven qualified hunters.

Class 99.

4:30 P. M.—Judging seven qualified hunters.

Class 57.

5:10 P. M.—Judging eight ponies in harness.

Class 67.

5:30 P. M.—Judging seven thoroughbred stallions.

Class 1.

6:00 P. M.—Recess.

6:30 P. M.—Judging three pairs of roadsters.

Class 12.

7:10 P. M.—Judging sixteen ponies under saddle.

Class 54.

8:15 P. M.—Judging ten pairs of horses, shown to breeders, appointments to come, Class 50.

8:45 P. M.—Judging fourteen harness horses.

Class 100.

10:30 P. M.—Judging eleven qualified hunters.

Class 100.

The day is committed to the committee.

Day—E. D. Morgan and John E. Cowdin.

Evening—George Peabody Wetmore and F. K. Sturgis.

BIG JAG IN THE MENAGERIE.

Strenuous Treatment for a Cold Made Hattie, the Elephant, Tippy.

The jolliest elephant ever for a few hours yesterday was Hattie, the performing pachyderm in the Central Park menagerie.

The cause of her happy condition was three gallons of good first avenue whiskey, which was administered to her in an effort to break up a cold.

The rear door of her stall was left open for a time Saturday when the keepers were cleaning up and it is supposed that this was the cause of her trouble. When Headkeeper Billy Snyder went to the menagerie at 8 o'clock yesterday morning he found that Hattie had the shivers.

He decided that the chill was indicative of a severe cold and it was up to him to act quickly.

Whiskey would do the trick, he thought, and he called to Keepers Hurton and Cochran and sent them out. Hurton came back after a time and said that the Third avenue saloon keepers were suspicious of him on Sunday. Cochran was more successful further east and returned with three gallons of whiskey.

When Hattie got her first mouthful of the whiskey she liked it. It seemed to soothe her and she was in her eye as she looked in his direction and trumpeted a few times before putting her trunk back in the bucket for another mouthful.

After the third gallon was gone she turned the bucket upside down in a search for more.

Hattie wasn't used to First avenue tipples and she soon began to show it. She stopped shivering and began to weep, as circus men call it, away from side to side.

It seemed to her that it was time that she perform her tricks, and she tried to stand on her head. She couldn't do it and tumbled over on her side. With the help of the three gallons she got upon her feet again and put her trunk around the head-keeper as though in need of support.

In an effort to do the cakewalk she again fell down and the head-keeper decided to let her sleep it off for an hour. At the end of that time he got her up and brought out a lot of hay for her to eat. Hay is the brandy and soda for an elephant drunk, in his opinion.

Whether it was the hay or not Hattie was sober by noon and in the afternoon she was able to perform for the visiting public.

Italian Shot and Killed in a Brooklyn Street.

An unidentified Italian was shot through the heart and instantly killed early last evening in front of the Italian Theatre, at 103 Union street, Brooklyn. There were twenty or thirty Italians in front of the place at the time, but the police couldn't find any one who seemed to know anything about the shooting. John Loverde, a restaurant keeper at 98 Union street, ran out to see the row and got his in the left foot. The police locked him up as a witness.

The Weather.

An area of high pressure covered all the country yesterday, save the Northwest and the extreme Southwest, where there were depressions that were not assuming storm form.

The weather remained fair, except for showers in the Northwest and in one or two places on the Gulf coast.

The temperature was slightly higher in nearly all the Northern and central States. It was cooler in the Southern States.

In this city the day was fair, with nearly stationary temperature, wind light northerly; average humidity, 40 per cent; barometer, corrected to sea level, at 8 A. M., 30.32; at 3 P. M., 30.34.

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

For New England, yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

HERE TO PAINT ROOSEVELT

ALYN WILLIAMS WANTS "THAT DEVIL OF A MAN" ON IVORY

And Hang Him in the Guildhall in London Night Near the King and Queen—Hopes to Get a Look at the President in Action—Maybe Mr. Longworth Will Sit Too.

Alyn Williams, president of the Royal Society of Miniature Painting of England and ranked highest of the artists on ivory in Great Britain, has painted miniatures of His Majesty Edward VII and His Majesty Queen Alexandra for the Guildhall of London and has now come to America to paint the miniature of President Roosevelt. It doesn't require a ten foot canvas to depict all the important points in our President's features, Mr. Williams says. By condensation strength may be made almost transcendental.

The miniatures that Mr. Williams did of their reigning Majesties of Great Britain were under commission of Sir Alfred Reynolds, late Sheriff of the city of London. Now Sir Alfred has commissioned Mr. Williams to get the likeness of Mr. Roosevelt on imperishable ivory to hang near the miniatures of their Majesties. Not right now, says Mr. Williams, but soon.

"Oh, I am quite sure that President Roosevelt will sit for me," said Mr. Williams last night in his rooms at the Plaza Hotel. "I have a letter of introduction from Gov. Atkinson of Hawaii, who is a cousin of my wife, and all that sort of thing; but I believe that when Mr. Roosevelt knows that I want him to sit for me and that Sir Alfred Reynolds has commissioned me to get his miniature—which will hang in the Guildhall, you know—there will really be no difficulty in getting your President's consent."

Mr. Williams showed THE SUN reporter the miniatures he had done of King Edward and Queen Alexandra—very soft in detail and of perfect design.

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

"But that's not the kind of a miniature I want to paint," President Roosevelt, "I want to paint a miniature of you, Mr. Williams."

"I've got to see that man, your President, just once to know what kind of a miniature to make. Only if he will let me paint him, I can do it."

WHAT! FOOTBALL AT COLUMBIA

BUT IN THE GREEK FASHION AND PROPERLY SIMPLIFIED.

Rival Fraternities Struggle on the Horse Mann Training Field While Supporters Hurl the Hellenic Alphabet at Each Other—Beta Theta Pi Won the Game.

Sing, O Muse, the wrath of Columbia's faculty, and so on through several books—all in pentameter. For his not football, the forbidden, been played on Morningside Heights, though under the official ban! Every man who reads this story carefully yesterday morning knows